

**"Ye Are My Witnesses."**

Tell me, pilgrim, faint and weary,  
Trav'ling o'er this pathway dim,  
Are you shedding light around you?  
Are you witnessing for him?

Do you try to tell the story  
Of the precious Savior's love?  
Are you hungering and thirsting  
Evermore your love to prove?

Are you seeking out the lost ones,  
Whom the Master died to win?  
Are you showing them the fountain  
That can wash away their sin?

Are you looking by the wayside  
For the weary ones who fall?  
Do you take them to the Savior,  
Who has promised rest for all?

Do you love to read the Bible—  
Is it precious to your soul?  
Are its treasures growing richer  
As you travel towards the goal?

Do you love to talk of Jesus  
More than all the world besides?  
Does it bring a holy comfort  
With his people to abide?

Have you made a consecration  
Of your time and earthly store?  
If your all is on the altar,  
Then the Master asks no more.

Thus pilgrim! should we journey  
Showing forth the Master's praise,  
With our lamps all trimmed and burning,  
That the world may catch their rays.

SELECTED.

**Enough.**

BY J. H. PECK.

I have enough my brother; is the language of Esau, who is not generally looked upon as a character of the Bible to be imitated. The writer of the epistle to the Hebrews styles him a profane person; and I have no doubt many good Christians would be shocked to see us set him up as an exemplary character; but such he proves himself to be in this particular instance at least.

After his brother Jacob had treated him so shamefully as to compel him to sign over his birth-right before he would save him from starving, and afterwards lied him out of his father's intended blessing; he meets him years after with forgiveness in his heart, falls on his neck and kisses him; and when Jacob whose guilty conscience prompts him to make amends to his much-wronged brother, offers him a valuable present as a means of reconciliation to him; Esau manfully, though I don't believe haughtily, says: "I have enough my brother." Two important characteristic Christian principles stand out prominently in this case:

First, that of forgiveness. Now few of our present-day Christians could so completely forget themselves, and the wrongs imposed upon them, of such magnitude as these wrongs were, as to meet their guilty brother and forgive him as Esau did Jacob. He did not say to him, Jacob you know that was a rascally trick you played on me when you and the old woman covered your hands and neck with hairy skins and made our father believe you was me, and cheated me out of my legal rights as the first-born. He did not say: I have four hundred men here, and if I wanted to I could make you smart for that now. No; he did not go to work first to rub his sins in on him till he was all over sore, then display his splendid character to him by a formal forgiveness, but he just forgives him from the heart and falls on his neck and kisses him and never says a word about the past.

The second characteristic is the entire absence of avarice or greediness after more of this world's goods; which most Christian professors now-a-days think is all right. Indeed, we even hear ministers talking eloquently to their congregations about consecrating their all to Jesus when they themselves are known to grasp, here and there, and all around them, after more of this world's goods, though they even now count their wealth by the thousands of dollars. And how often do we see professors grind the faces of the poor, even their own brethren in the church and oppress them with interests, mortgages, and foreclosures; and though their professions are large enough that the proceeds thereof will yield them a plentiful living, and when they die, a handsome legacy to their children. Did any body ever hear one of these say, I have enough my brother?

Contemplating on this unchristian disposition covetousness, denominated in the New Testament, I have asked myself, what amount might a man as a Christian reasonably regard as enough of this world's goods? I do not regard it as wrong for young people when they start out in life, to be in-

dustrious and economical, and try to procure a house of their own. When this is gained, and they have the means of a comfortable living, they have enough: that is, enough that they should not plead poverty for not attending to their religious duties. Enough to contribute cheerfully their portion toward building up the Master's cause: enough to help those in need without calculating how they will get pay for it.

But it is sad to see so many who profess to know God that have vastly more and yet never feel to say I have enough. Many that could devote their whole time to building up the Lord's cause while their income would keep them and their families far above want, just as anxious to increase their pile as when it was not half so large. And though the Cause goes begging all around them, they cannot cease to hoard up treasures upon earth. They can't give an equal assessment upon their property, with their poorer brethren, to the church without a groan and a squirm, and sometimes they think loud enough to be heard, that they are paying more than their share. They cannot give to a charitable institution without figuring up how much interest that would have brought them annually. They can't give to one in need without saying to themselves: its all bad management that you are not better off; and if they do any one a kindness with their wealth, they manage to remind them of it frequently. This was not the spirit of Esau. He might have recounted to Jacob how he had robbed him of all he had and pretended that he was still far behind, or how by industry and economy he had made his mark in the world and treated his brother's offer with disdain and contempt. But he did neither: he only said, I have enough my brother.

Oh that we might be able to see when the Lord has blessed us with abundance; and when an opportunity presents itself to do something for Him we could say, yes I have enough of this world's goods, and to spare for Him who gave me all.

Emporia, Kan.

Epistolary to Cousin Alice Brumbaugh, New Baltimore, Stark Co., Ohio.

DEAR COUSIN AND SISTER: I received your lengthy letter last Thursday, April 23rd. It has made me feel very bad as it has created a great mystery in my mind. You say that you are sure that you will die soon, and that you are not yet prepared to leave this world, &c. Why do you think the Lord has turned a deaf ear to your cries and prayers? If I fully knew the circumstances of your distress, I could, and certainly would give you consolation. In the first place, you must not worry over the death of friends, if others do worry. We must not grieve over the death of our friends so intensely, especially children and babes, for Jesus says, Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of heaven. Jesus wept at the grave of Lazarus, but it is not meant that we should worry ourselves over one's death. It is natural to weep but not to rebel against God. We must all die a natural death; for we were all born to this end. Do you read God's precious promises in His holy Word? He will not leave us in darkness, nor forsake us if we fully trust in Him; but we must not doubt.

You were quite young when you entered the fold of Christ, and you certainly ere that had not committed any gross sins, and since your entry into the fold God would not forsake you if you trusted in Him and His Word. The four years that you have spent in God's service, you surely have accomplished some good; You certainly have given a cup of cold water in the name of the Lord; which has its promised reward.

We cannot be perfect: "There is none perfect but one that is God." You ask me to pray for you. Yes dear sister! I shall not forget to entreat the Lord in tender mercy to give you comfort and peace, of mind and soul, in your great distress, be it what it may. We are commanded to pray for each other, to bear one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ. Now dear sister, when you pray, enter into thy closet, away from all eyes but God's. When thou hast shut the door, that is, shut out all thoughts from your

heart but the the thought that you are praying to God, and him alone. Pray in secret and He will reward you openly. God has promised to never forsake those who trust in him, and He will fulfill his promises. The great trouble is, we are likely to leave our faith waver; we do not take God at his word. He is the same yesterday, today, and forever.

When Jesus was nailed to the Cross, he atoned for all our sins. He will lead us safely through all trials here below and land us safely on the shores of sweet deliverance, where sickness, sorrow, pain and death are felt and feared no more. The glorious beauties of heaven are, that we can see God; here we feel and behold his goodness, but there we can see him face to face. Secondly, we can behold Jesus and our dear friends. When you reach the shining shore, your dear mother will be there to meet you. Happy thought! to have your dear mother meet you there. Do not feel discouraged. A few more tears, a few more trials and tribulations, and our race is run in this life. Let us be patient like dear old brother Paul so that our end may be like his, and we can utter 2 Timothy 4: 7, 8. Please refer.

"Beyond this vale of tears,  
There is a life above;  
Unmeasured by the flight of years,  
And all that life is love."

Now, commend yourself to God; read your Bible daily; for in the Scriptures we find eternal life and they are they which testify of me. John 5: 39.

Affectionately your sister in Christ.

EMILY R. STIFLER.

Hollidaysburg, Pa., April 26, 1885.

**Which Will You Choose?**

BY LAURA E. N. GROSSECKLE.

Man is a free, moral agent. This freedom or liberty of action is God-given, and no power on earth has a right to restrict it. To follow the dictates of his own conscience is his inalienable right, or to stifle the voice of conscience, to disregard its warnings, to act in opposition to its dictates, is a privilege entirely his own. Between his right to do right and his liberty to do wrong, it is his province to choose.

Before man, in the moral world, lie two paths: the path of right, and the path of wrong. And it is his prerogative to choose one or the other and walk therein, or he may choose one and the other alternately. At any time his free agency permits him to quit the one and pursue the other. They lie before him in all their differences, and as man looks at them he sees the one made beautiful by virtue, purity, benevolence, generosity, and all things that characterize the good and true. But to walk therein requires exertion, self denial, integrity and earnestness of purpose; each of which brings its own reward, and richly repays all its cost.

The other path is an illusory one. It invites the multitude and promises pleasure and enjoyment; but its enjoyments are not real, its pleasures are transitory. At the best its pleasures are course and unrefined, and they quickly pass away leaving a guilty conscience, and a soul sinking deeper and deeper into iniquity. All the nobler impulses of the heart are stilled, and sin and degradation reign supreme. Lower and lower sinks the soul until it becomes a fit companion for the angels of darkness, and it is hurled from time into eternity, into association with like spirits to its own.

But we turn from the contemplation of these, and we learn that there is yet another path accessible to those who seek it. It is the path of true holiness and righteousness, and it is infinitely grander and fairer than even the path of moral right. It is a narrow path, yet it is wide enough for the countless millions of created human beings. Only a few enter it, yet all are invited. Only the pure in heart, the meek and lowly in spirit, tread this path, and they are led onward by none other than the Son of the living God—the blessed Jesus himself. Its associations are pure, its enjoyments the most perfect accorded to man in this life, its ways are ways of pleasantness and all its paths are peace. Its watch-words are "onward" and "upward," and its goal is Home, Rest and Heaven. Dear reader which will you choose?